

The Evening World.
 ESTABLISHED BY JOSEPH PULITZER.
 Published Daily Except Sunday by The Evening World Publishing Company, Nos. 55 to 61 Park Row, New York.
 RALPH PULITZER, President, 61 Park Row.
 J. ANDREW SHAW, Treasurer, 61 Park Row.
 JOSEPH PULITZER, Jr., Secretary, 61 Park Row.
 Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Matter.
 Subscription Price: For England and the Continent and
 World for the United States All Countries in the International
 and Canada. Postal Union.
 One Year.....\$3.50 One Year.....\$9.75
 One Month......50 One Month......55
 VOLUME 53.....NO. 18,904

LIFE AND ITS CHANCES.

WHILE we are saving life at one end we are wasting it at the other, is the rather melancholy upshot of the latest Health Department figures. Children have more chance of life. Adults have less. According to tables compiled in 1879 a child under five years of age might expect to live forty-one years. That expectation is now increased to fifty-two years. Even up to thirty the chance of further life has improved.

But from forty on adults die more rapidly. Mortality from diseases of heart, kidneys, stomach and liver has increased. Eighty-nine per cent. of present life-saving occurs before the twentieth year. The wear and tear of strenuous life, too much easy transportation and too little exercise, too much meat and drink are causes. As the report puts it: "The adult of the present generation is travelling a pace too fast for his health. Rapidity of living can but end in premature dying. Never was there greater need from a health standpoint of moderation in all things by the inhabitants of our city."

To-day it is the Health Department warning us that we are squandering our health. Yesterday it was the Comptroller telling us that we "are spending more money than our available credit justifies." We eat too much, we drink too much, we spend too much, we work too hard to get it, we sit up too late nights, we build too many theatres, we coddle our muscles too much, we draw too heavily on all our funds. And yet we are alive and happy. If we took a dose of moderation we should probably swallow too much and perish.

The "cubist cocktail" and the "Bryan highball" are new arrivals in town.

THE MAN IN UNIFORM.

A MAN in uniform said: "Show me your money." A bewildered young Polish immigrant, fresh from the gauntlet of Ellis Island officials, meekly handed over all he had in the world—and saw it no more. The uniformed man was an impostor.

Does the average American realize what a pitifully easy mark the immigrant offers for any rogue clever enough to array himself in braid and brass buttons? For hundreds of thousands of European peasants from their earliest childhood Authority is known by its gold lace. They bow before it. They obey it instinctively, implicitly, abjectly. A few years ago a rascal of a German shoemaker sallied forth in a captain's uniform, picked up a squad of soldiers in the streets, marched them all unsuspecting to the town hall and there coolly annexed the town cash box. The whole world laughed. For he fooled his superiors and his own countrymen on their own familiar ground.

What more pathetic victim, on the other hand, than an ignorant young alien, awed by the formidable formalities of entering this free country for the first time, who submissively does as he is told before "a man in uniform?"

Our Government presents a terrible and awe-inspiring front of authority to trembling newcomers. It ought to be able decently to protect them from impostors wearing its own badges, at least up to the time the new arrivals are clear of Ellis Island.

You may feed the park squirrels peanuts, says Commissioner Storer, provided you make 'em give back the shells.

TO READ TO-MORROW.

ALL the world has still a ready ear for romance, particularly when it happens in real life, above all when it concerns a real artist and his real model. Penrhyn Stanlaw, the illustrator, met the girl of his dreams in England, and he has never let her go. The whole story told by the two that have made it his theme in the Sunday World Magazine to-morrow. Among other matter for a morning's reading Florenz Ziegfeld jr. describes how it feels to gamble and lose \$500,000, and why the "feeling" has kept him from ever touching a card since; Trizie Frigana, the actress, confesses many things, including the fact that she is "Cincinnati Irish," despite a Spanish name and a German husband; a doctor explains how wearing a veil injures a woman's eyes; Elie Kogan, Russian revolutionist, tells of three years' tunnelling to escape from a Russian prison, resulting only in discovery and the knout; the show dog, with his points and pedigree, recalls the fact that Admiral Dewey introduced him to this country fourteen years ago, and Bill, the Office Boy, has recorded more of his daily doings for his friend Paul West.

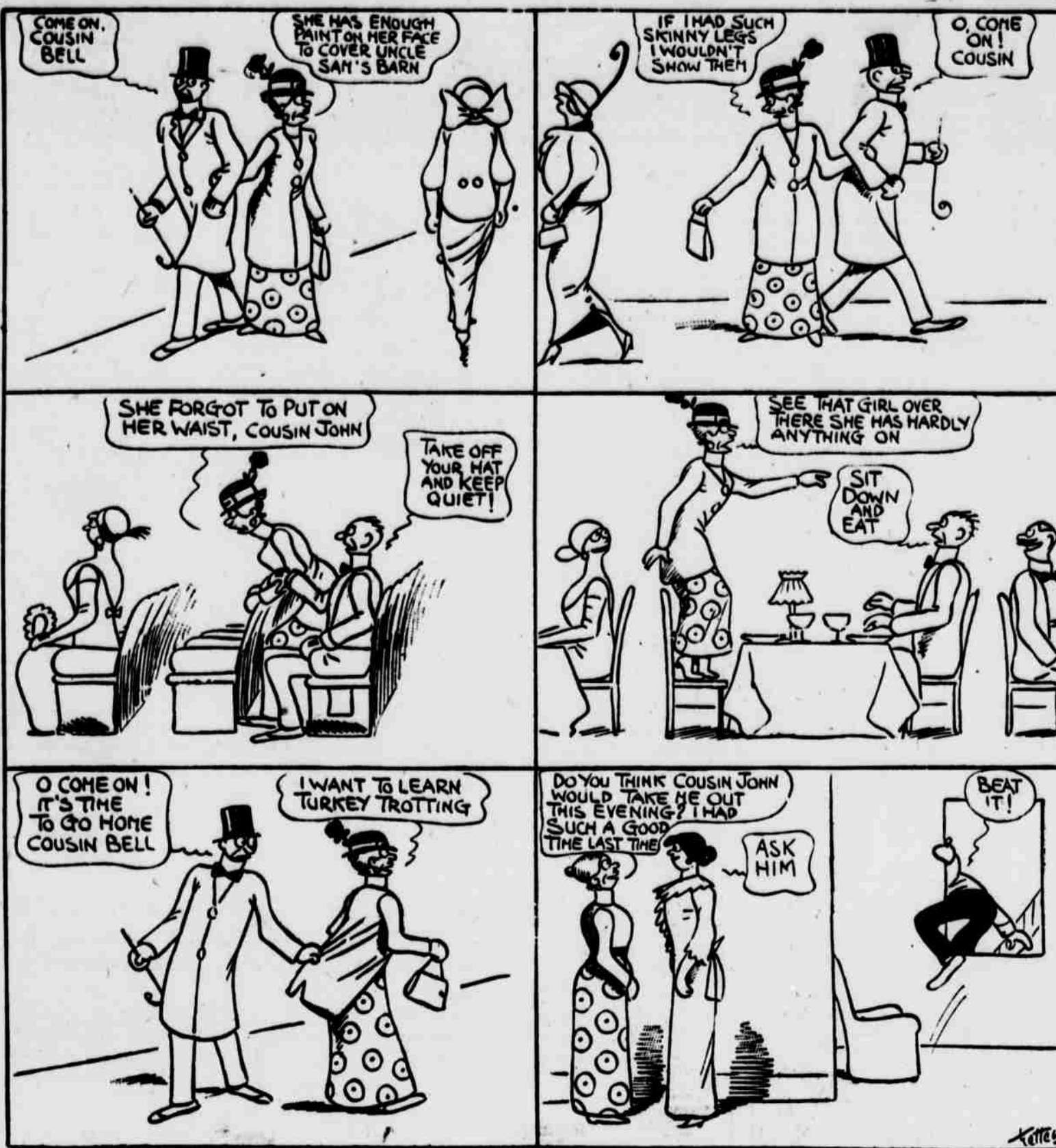
A tea set that once belonged to Edmund Burke sold for \$750 thirty years ago. Six years ago it brought \$2,500. Day before yesterday it realized \$7,350.—News Item.

If it can hold that pace thirty years more and stick together it will fetch a million and a half.

Can You Beat It?

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By Maurice Kettner



The Jarr Family



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"TOWN city bonds are very cheap," said Mr. Jarr, looking up from the financial section of the newspaper. "Now's the time to buy them."

"I have no faith in those things," said Mrs. Jarr. "My poor mamma bought a hundred shares in the Saffron Canine Mining Company and never got a cent, although they did double in value just as the elegantly dressed man that had the beautiful office said they would."

"I never knew your mother ever made any investments," remarked Mr. Jarr. "But she should have sold her mining shares if they doubled in value."

"But she was advised not to sell," said Mrs. Jarr.

"The gentleman I told you of, I went to his office with mamma. It was before you and I were married, and I had forgotten it until you spoke just now. Let's see—the gentleman's name was Pewters. Yes, Billington Bosworth Pewters. And he had the loveliest manners and embossed stationery, and he took us to luncheon and sent us home in a cab, and his words came true, for the

price of the stock did double in ten days, and mamma had to pay twenty cents a share for them instead of ten, and Mr. Pewters gave his personal guarantee that they were an investment par excellence. I remember his exact words: 'An investment par excellence.' 'Why didn't your mother sell her stock?' asked Mr. Jarr. 'She was advised not to by Mr. Pewters,' explained Mrs. Jarr. 'I remember her exact words, the second time we called. 'Sell and repent,' he said. And when mamma did try to sell them, contrary to Mr. Pewters' advice, nobody would buy them, and when we went to Mr. Pewters about it he said:

"Ah! More devilish work of the Rockefeller and Morgan interests! And he burst into tears and asked if we could blame him. And he left it to us, he said, if the shares had not doubled in value, and if we did not believe it he had a small allotment held for his children he would part with it at double prices, just to prove his sincerity."

"And your mother has the saffron Canine Mining Company stock yet?" "Yes," said Mrs. Jarr. "And Mr. Pewters said let it be a warning to us not to speculate—always to invest."

"Some of the department stores are selling city bonds," said Mr. Jarr.

The Day's Good Stories

Against the Rules.
 WILLIAM, who was visiting his uncle near Greenwood avenue, spent one Sunday afternoon admiring the beautiful walled garden in Mill Creek Park.

"Well, lad," queried his uncle when the boy returned to the house, "what did you see in the park?"

"Some of the most beautiful vistas I ever saw," replied William.

"Ah, lad," cautioned the old gentleman, "but ye mustn't pluck them; it's against the rules."—Youngsters Telegram.

The Knowing Agent.

TRANSPARENT—Kindly tell me whether this ticket will allow me to stop over here?

Station Agent—It depends. What do you want to stop for?

Transparent—To visit some rather distant relatives of mine, the Jinkses.

Mrs. Jarr Wants Some City Bonds, With Gilt Edges, Sent to Her C. O. D.

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"Some of the department stores are selling city bonds," said Mr. Jarr.

"Do they send them C. O. D.?" asked Mrs. Jarr. "Well, if I had a charge account I might risk it and buy some. But after my poor mother's awful experience and after the way I saw it worried Mr. Pewters I made up my mind I'd never dabble in Wall street, as the papers call it. But how can you dabble in a street that hasn't any water in it?"

"You go buy all you wish to," replied Mrs. Jarr firmly. "But I have lost my faith, and I do not wish to have another experience fighting the interests. Poor Mr. Pewters! They ruined him. And yet how generous he was! Both times mamma bought stock (and the stock was beautifully engraved and her name written on it in a lovely business hand) he took us to luncheon, and he wasn't niggardly about it either."

"You won't buy any city bonds, then, not having your financial adviser, Mr. Pewters, at hand to recommend them?" asked Mr. Jarr. "Then look at this list of gilt edged stocks!"

"Poor mamma's stocks were gilt edged, too," said Mrs. Jarr, "and had a gilt seal on them. No, the savings bank is good enough for me. One feels sure of one's money in the savings bank."

"How much money have you got in these sound fiduciary institutions?"

"I've got eight dollars!" said Mrs. Jarr. "And you needn't try to borrow any of it either to buy your old city bonds!"

Votes for Women!

A T card party held in this city last week some of the women were discussing woman suffrage, relates the Washington Star. One of the players said she always attended suffrage meetings and had even marched in one of the parades.

"Goodness!" exclaimed her partner, "I didn't know you went in for that sort of thing. Do you know all about politics?"

"No," replied the suffragist, "I don't know a thing about it."

"Well, why do you do it?"

"Because it teaches my husband so."

"The Loveseeker"

Some "Made in England" Rules for Ensnaring and Keeping Hearts.
 By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

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 YOUNG English woman—Maud Churton Brady—has written an interesting little book, "The Loveseeker," in which she discusses the many and various sentimental problems which concern all persons between twenty and fifty and some on either side of the dividing line.

After discussing the first necessity of finding a mate the young Loveseeker of the tender passion endorses the method prescribed by George Meredith for separating love from infatuation.

"Have you found her?" she quotes the question from Meredith. "A boy can't but a man must reason in these cases. You may know your love from its power of persisting and bearing a delay. Passion has not these powers. If your love of this person is true, and not one of your fancies, it will soon light you clear enough."

In other words, to ascertain if your love is genuine subject it to a sustained low temperature—put it in the cold-storage vault of absence, and if it survives it is a pretty good specimen of the real thing.

If you are a young woman still unwooed or without any one to woo this sentimental guidebook offers advice which you may care to read on "How to Please Men." There is nothing revolutionary in Mrs. Brady's counsels to the young girl in search of a husband. At the start she announces frankly that to win men a woman must "make a cult of self-control and a hobby of self-sacrifice. She must suppress her likes and dislikes, her whims and ailments."

The author has a special word for the plain girl. "There are more plain women than pretty ones in the world and more married than unmarried women. Given a healthy appearance, lack of beauty is no bar whatever to matrimony. When it comes to choosing a partner for life, the sensible, unromantic, modern man rightly values good temper above long eyelashes."

The Strange Lure of Mystery.

"One of the first things to learn is that the feelings should be rigorously concealed. Be mysterious, be subtle, be elusive, and never put your cards on the table."

This is all very well; if a girl happens to be of the mysterious, subtle, elusive type, but no fat girl should ever attempt to be subtle. I don't know why mystery should suggest leanness, but it does. And positively no woman in the middleweight class—from 145 to 155—should try to be mysterious. Moreover, what a monstrous fraud is perpetrated on the poor, unsuspecting male who weds under the illusion that he is domesticating the sphinx, to discover after a few weeks of marriage that his wife's mind is as clear and shallow as a pool, in which he can see her thoughts darting hither and thither like little trout.

"Most men enjoy talking about themselves," we learn.

So do most women, and turn about is fair play, no matter how much reticence our English author recommends. But, she continues:

"Once a man is happily settled talking about himself, even the plainest girl may feel assured that she is making a good impression."

Here are some other pointers:

"The deepest impression may be made by a complete mastery early in the acquaintance of the amount of sugar necessary to his cup of tea. The girl who time after time has to inquire, 'How many lumps?' is one to whom the proud, sensitive male heart will ever remain cold."

"As a rule men hate to write letters and do not want to receive them. Never worry a man to write letters. Never answer by return mail unless business requires it."

"Never telephone when angry."

"Never be first at an appointment, but avoid keeping him waiting more than a few minutes unless he is deeply in love. And then the longer he waits the better. A beautiful actress attributes her success to her simple code: 'The worse you treat them the keener they are.'"



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She Describes "A Man's Woman."

"THERE is a man's ideal woman," remarked the Mere Man, indicating a curly-haired bit of fluff, entirely surrounded by masculinity, at the opposite end of the room.

"I thought," said the Rib reproachfully, regarding the paragon out of the tail of her eye, "that you liked ME, Mr. Cutting."

"I don't, I merely adore you," protested the Mere Man. "But what has that to do with it?"

"THAT woman," said the Rib scornfully, "is 98 per cent. clothes and 2 per cent. brains. If SHE is your ideal"—and she shrugged her shoulders, significantly.

"I said the AVERAGE man's," corrected the Mere Man hastily. "Now, as for me, I—"

"YOU are not an average man. Of course!" finished the Rib. "No man ever is; he's always different." And every man has a different ideal. I know one nice man whose ideal woman is 60 per cent. cook and 40 per cent. siren; and another whose ideal is 75 per cent. sweet disposition, and 25 per cent. beauty; and another who dreams of a being composed of 50 per cent. tact and 50 per cent. stupidity. What is your ideal, Mr. Cutting?"

"Well," said the Mere Man, appraising the Rib carefully, "I should say that she is 100 per cent. beauty, and style, and tact, and—oh everything that is adorable, and nice, and charming and—"

"Umm!" interrupted the Rib coldly. "And utterly minus brains or character! Why is it that brains and character never seem to count in a man's estimate of a woman? Now, if I were appraising a man, those are the two qualities that I should consider first, last, and always!"

"Wouldn't you—consider his shoulders, or care whether his legs were straight or crooked?" pleaded the Mere Man. "Wouldn't you even look at his teeth?"

"Why is it?" continued the Rib, ignoring the flippancy, "that a man never seems to demand those qualities in a woman which he always demands in a man?"

"You mean biceps, and drinking capacity?" suggested the Mere Man.

"I mean capability and awareness!" said the Rib firmly. "All one man asks about another is 'What can he do in this world? And is he on the level? Is he honorable—trustworthy?' In a word, 'Is he a MAN?'"

"Well," protested the Mere Man, "you wouldn't have me ask a woman to be a MAN, would you?"

Millstones, Vampires and Molluscs.

"Of course not!" returned the Rib impatiently, "but you might demand that she be a WOMAN, with a sense of honor, and a sense of fairness, and a little common sense, and—oh, sense of any kind! If you did, you wouldn't make up many unhappy marriages."

"But I've never made any marriages, happy or unhappy," protested the Mere Man. "I'm a bachelor."

"If a man," pursued the Rib relentlessly, "would fall in love with a woman for the same reasons for which a woman falls in love with a man—because she is dependable and generous, and fair, and fine and strong—instead of because she has a dimple in her chin, or because of the way her hair curls at the nape of her neck, he wouldn't wake up so often to find himself cheated and disappointed. If I were a man, I should choose a wife who was 60 per cent. sense of honor and 40 per cent. sense of humor!"

"Light!" exclaimed the Mere Man, with a shudder, "that kind of woman would be a thorn in the side from the wedding day to the grave. Why, just think what would happen if wives had a sense of honor and of fairness! They'd be demanding that WE stay at home every night, just as they do. They'd actually be demanding that we give up our bad habits and our clubs, and keep our wedding vows! And as for a woman with a sense of humor—Lord deliver me from ever hearing my idiosyncrasies to one, and becoming the family 'joke'!"

"And that," declared the Rib sorrowfully, "is why the finest women are always the last to marry, and why the finest men are always tied to little millstones, and vampires, and molluscs! A man is always looking for something 'inferior,' and of course it's easy to find."

"And yet," remarked the Mere Man, puffing his cigarette thoughtfully, "I adore YOU!"

"Simply because I manage to hide the fact that I have a noble character and a sense of honor!"—began the Rib.

"Oh, HAVE you?" exclaimed the Mere Man in a shocked tone.

"And because I manage to conceal my brains," continued the Rib, "beneath a lot of false-rolls and chiffons, and small talk and frivolity!"

"And by flirting outrageously, and never keeping your engagements, and always breaking your promises," added the Mere Man.

"Gracious!" exclaimed the Rib glancing hurriedly at the clock, and reaching for her violet parasol, "it's five o'clock, and I have oceans of things to do!"

"But you promised to dine with me!" said the Mere Man disappointedly.

"Impossible, Mr. Cutting! I received a check for a hundred dollars to-day, and I'm going downtown this minute and fulfil your ideal!"

"What?"

"I'm going to spend 98 per cent. of it on CLOTHES!" declared the Rib, waving her parasol. "I'll be a MAN'S woman! If it takes my last cent—and my last shred of intelligence!"

Beany and the Gang

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By P. L. Crosby

